



The Argosy



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APRIL, 1945

No. 5

SENIORS ALBERTA "A" CHAMPS

Eminent Victorians



WING COMMANDER JAMES E. WALKER, D.F.C. AND TWO BARS.

One of this war's leading Canadian air aces, Wing Commander James Elmslie Walker, D.F.C. and two bars, was reported killed on active service as a result of a flying accident in April of last year.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. James Walker of Edmonton, Jimmy was always a great sports enthusiast, excelling particularly in bantam rugby while at Vic. One year he was also advertising manager of the Argosy. After graduating in 1935 he worked in a local bank.

Jimmy's air force career was varied. He enlisted in April, 1940, and was commissioned and sent overseas in December of that year. He piloted Hurricanes with No. 402 Fighter Squadron, making more than 80 raids over Europe.

Chosen for Russian Duty

In 1940 he was one of the two Canadians chosen for R.A.F. duty in Russia. It was here he won his first D.F.C.

Jimmy was transferred to North Africa in October of '42. It was in Tunisia, while in command of a Spitfire squadron, that he was awarded the first bar to his cross.

Jimmy was always "on the go." One day in Tunisia he shot down two enemy aircraft and was then forced to bale out. The following day he was in another air battle, and, after downing at least one Junkers, had to jump again. He returned to his post for lunch, and led his boys on another sortie that afternoon. Of such are Canadians made.

Squadron Leader Walker (as he was then) had just returned to England from Africa when he became the first member of the R.C.A.F. to win the D.F.C. three times. He was credited with more than 15 aircraft.

When on leave in 1943, Wing Com-

CLOSE SERIES WITH CARDSTON

The Vic Senior Boys' Team captured the Provincial "A" basketball championship in a two-out-of-three series played at Cardston recently. Huge crowds witnessed three thrilling games in which our boys defeated the Cardston Seniors in the first game with a score of 70-68, and in the last game with a high of 53-45, losing the second game with a 37-35 count.

Close competition and magnificent play offered spectators really brilliant and fast-moving basketball. Cardston fans reported it was one of the best series ever witnessed there.

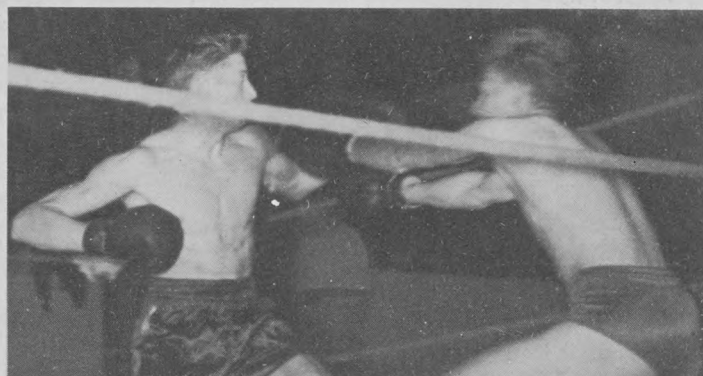
The first game revealed the ability of both teams in team work and individual action. Refereeing was unusually strict, and both sides found themselves often in trouble. In the last quarter of the first game personal fouls left Vic only 4 players against Cardston's five. This was later evened to 4-4. Then, just before the final whistle, Cardston fouled again, leaving Vic with 4 men against their 3. It was discovered that both teams had accumulated about 70 personal fouls.

The points in the second game were kept at a premium when both teams featured unusually close checking. Vic's entire first line was fouled off during the last quarter; so she lost a previous six-point lead, and consequently, the game.

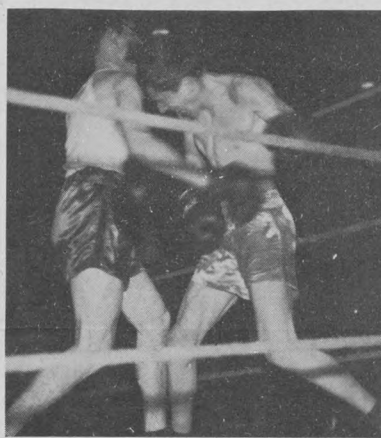
Although Bill Price was the first player off the floor, he still topped scoring honors for Vic with his eleven points. O'Bray of Cardston massed 13 points and captured the evening's high.

The last game was definitely the best in the series. The boys, now accustomed to the strict rules, were penalized very little and kept the tempo of the play at a furious pace throughout. The first quarter ended in a tie of 12-12. Cardstoners led with 26-23 at the halfway mark. They again showed great ability in the 3rd quarter by gaining 11 points in what seemed a matter of seconds. After this, our boys really set to work, playing near-perfect ball. Once started there seemed to be no way of stopping the Vic Seniors who topped honors with 35-34 at the three-quarter mark. The last quarter offered both teams a chance either to win or lose the valuable game.

mander Walker married Joan Whitby, a Vermilion girl. At the time of his death, he was commanding the 2nd R.A.F. Canadian Wing. A keen, responsible fellow, he was extremely popular with everyone who knew him, both at school and in the R.C.A.F. Victoria is proud to call Jimmy Walker an ex-Vicite. —M.J.



Above: JOHN McDIARMID, on left, shown in his bout against Alex. Romaniuk of Westglen. John won the championship.



At left: BOB ENGLISH, on left, comes to blows with George Freeman and comes out on top.

Boxing and Wrestling

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Boxing—Bob English (133) of Vic took a split decision from George Freeman (134) of St. Joseph's in one of the bloodiest battles staged on that night.

Len Beatty (135), Scona, won over Pete Dettlefson (134) of Victoria (by default).

Wrestling—Alex. Romaniuk (152), Westglen, defeated Bob McDonald (156) of Victoria in the only High School Wrestling bout of the evening.

THURSDAY NIGHT

Boxing—Willie Grant (126), Westglen, defeated Harris McLeod (124), Vic.

Bob English (135), Vic, took a decision over Len Beatty (135), Scona, to place himself in position for a final berth in the championship rounds.

The last bout of the night saw Ben Grabow (145), Vic, set back Ken McFadyon (147), Westglen, taking a sharp decision.

Wrestling—Ervin Armstrong (132), Vic, pinned down Bill Marsden (130), Westglen, to win the first fight of the night.

Peter Dettlefson (134), Vic, lost to George Greenwood (143) of Westglen.

Eugene Kiniski (195), St. Joe's, defeated little Steve Paproski (230) of Vic (aged 16).

Myron Luchkovich (124), Vic, won from Albert Boyd (126), to take a championship by default.

Jeff Nuthall (118), Westglen, won by default over Gary Steeves (112), Vic.

FRIDAY NIGHT FINALS

Boxing—Myron Luchkovitch (124), Vic, won from Willie Grant of Westglen,

(Continued on Page 5)

The Vic Argosy



The VIC ARGOSY, a member of the Quill and Scroll Society, published by the students of Victoria High School, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

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EDITORIAL

There seems to be some doubt as to whether a person should be a "Joiner" or limit himself to one or two clubs. Two opinions are expressed below; what do you think?

I think it is perfectly all right for a student to engage in as many activities as he wishes, providing that his school marks are good, his parents approve, and he can do what is expected of him in each activity. He should remember that each job he takes on and each organization he joins means added work and responsibility, and unless he can fulfil his duties effectively he should make a priority list and give up the activity or activities on the bottom of this list. While this is often a hard thing to do, it must be done, because once a student takes on too much he begins to let everything slide.

The advantages of belonging to several organizations are that it is generally more fun, and valuable experience is gained along several lines. Once a student leaves school, he will have to focus his attentions on one occupation for the greater part of the day. So I believe that while in High School a student may take on as many activities as he can effectively handle, providing school marks and parents permit.

Temperance (A Reply to the Above)

Is it possible that one can be intemperate without drinking strong liquor? Can the word "dissipation" be applied to other activities than the one that inebriates? How about the teen ager who indulges in too many activities?

We've been putting our mind on this problem lately, and believe it or not, a few thoughts came to us. We can speak freely because we are an offender ourself. We are beginning to see that to belong to one or two extra-curricular activities and do them well, is better than to try to take part in six or seven and do them feebly.

In the first place, absurd as it may

WATCH THE BIRDIE

Would you like to learn more about taking good snapshots? Then why not join the photography club?

The meetings are held every Wednesday after 4 in room 7. Melvin Carlson is the president and Lloyd Petrukevich is vice-president. The fee is only twenty-five cents. This money is to be used to secure photographic supplies.

As the club is just new there is very little activity at present. However, plans are being made to hold a competition. The pictures may be of any type. The prizes for the best pictures will be films if obtainable. For further information see the bulletin board.

Club meetings are interesting and informative. Talks are given on such topics as: different types of cameras, qualities that constitute a good picture, ways of taking good pictures and other subjects of photographic interest.

The ability to take a good picture is very useful because this is one way of recording old friends and good times.

If anyone is interested don't forget the meetings are held every Wednesday after 4 in room 7.—Y.C.

seem, we have come here for an education. But too many students throw themselves into every activity in sight. The result is poor marks and probably dislike of school. Nobody is to blame but the individual.

Secondly—an ordinary person (there are no extraordinary ones at Vic) has only so much ability and so much time. It stands to reason that when these are divided up among many activities there isn't much of either for each (if you follow my pronouns). But if the time and ability are centred around one or two activities, then the results are so good that you surprise even yourself.

Let's look at the question from another angle. Does it seem right to you, that one person in the school should hold three or four executive positions? Would it not be more satisfactory to let three or four persons hold the positions? Nobody in our school has the ability nor the right to "hog" more than one executive job. There are students in the school who, if given the chance, could turn out just as good results as the apparently indispensable few, but they have never been encouraged. And don't pretend you don't know what we mean. You've seen that hungry look at many a meeting but you were so busy hoping you'd be elected that you refused to nominate anyone else.

It seems students are unable to draw the line without help. Perhaps a rule which allowed a student to hold no more than one important position at one time would give more Vicites a chance to get in the swim. How about it, kids? It's too late now to do much but remember for next Fall.

Students Pay Tribute To President Roosevelt

The death of Roosevelt could not have occurred at a more critical time. As the nations of the world face the post-war period he was expected to take a major part in determining world-wide post-war policies. His success in bringing his own country through the depression, and his leadership during the war earned him world-wide respect.

Roosevelt's long term in office was noticeably free from the scandal and petty bickering which marked the terms of so many other presidents.

Since the outbreak of war Roosevelt has aged greatly, but his iron will drove him on even when his body gave in. So great were Roosevelt's efforts in bringing about the defeat of the Axis that he may be considered as much a casualty of the war as any soldier who has died in battle.—R. McD.

On Thursday, April 12, the world received one of the greatest shocks it has ever known—President Franklin Delano Roosevelt was dead.

The people have lost a fine, courageous leader, a true friend, one of the kindest men that ever lived. He overcame his unfortunate handicap, and became the most important man in the United States—a truly great president.

He died gallantly for his country, the country he loved. President Roosevelt was a great leader and his death leaves an empty feeling in the hearts of the millions of people who relied upon him.

In the recent pictures and newsreels, a decided change in health was clearly noticeable in the President. Nevertheless, he worked untiringly, unceasingly, striving to bring the day of victory nearer.

The world is proud of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.—D.S.

"President Roosevelt is dead!"

My mother met me at the door with this shocking news. Surely she was joking, but no, her blue eyes held only a look of sadness.

But—but Roosevelt's dead! Oh! no! Incredible! Impossible! Why, what would happen now? Of course there was someone to take his place, but it was he who was symbolic of all for which my brothers fight. Never to hear his comforting voice again? Never to see his famous grin?

I was only one of thousands who had never met Mr. Roosevelt, yet I felt as though I had lost a personal friend. He was a leader, a great leader, a great thinker and statesman who was a real man with a good soul.

And as I sat down to think about it I heard an organ play "Home on the Range," one of his favorite songs. Then I knew—A great man had gone Home! —B.R.

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PEGGY'S DIARY

Dear Diary:

And did you enjoy the Easter Holidays? It seems that all the kids were divided into two groups, those who went to Calgary and those who stayed in Edmonton. Too bad all the girls chose Edmonton. What's in Calgary, fellows, that's not in Edmonton?

The girls left in Edmonton had fun anyway. I just couldn't get used to going to the show in the afternoon without feeling I should be sitting somewhere else. However, by the fourth afternoon I was actually sitting up in my seat without dark glasses.

The dance on Friday was swell, too. I always said that Millie was a better dancer than Jim. Too bad she's a foot shorter.

And this hike on Saturday was simply super without supper. I'm sure I used to be able to start a fire, but really with one match, a strong wind, and a twig, you can't cook bacon and eggs. The cake was swell, but I sorta wished Eve hadn't used it for a chair. And Tillie shouldn't have peeled the bananas at home just to save time. It's a wonder she didn't break open the eggs and put them in her pocket. (I thought of that first.)

Sunday I re-cooperated and got ready for school. Mother said if I didn't stay in and get some sleep, people would think I had been in Calgary with those bags. Mother is so funny sometimes.

Monday again, and back to the old routine. Oh, Millie, bring the dark glasses this afternoon, will you?—A.S.

Don't be a Vic hic

Subscribe to the Year Book—quick!

"Have you read 'Freckles'?"

"No Ma'am—mine are the brown kind."

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Snooper Scoops

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. But it seems as though our Pete Jorgenson didn't have to wait for spring, since he and Yvonne Carnegie have been "going steady" all winter.

Larry Mallet and Janice McBride have been using Mallet's gasoline ration with gay abandon.

Big things happened over Easter—including a pilgrimage of several Vicites to Calgary where: Lee Sawyer met and was favorably impressed with Dave (Baldy) Thomlinson!

Dick Riddle renewed an old acquaintance with his pen pal.

Lethbridge also had its share of Vic's students, and it seems that Hammy Drever, after he had met Sydney (six names I have forgotten) Tollstrup, wasn't a bit sorry he hadn't been around when the Easter Bunny called.

Gordie Grierson spent an eventful evening at Lila's Chicken Inn with Lethbridge's Annie Hupka. Bill Jackson was quite taken with the LePard girls, but he claims he stayed true to Joan.

It seems that the southern air braced John Harvie when dating with Joyce Jardine.

By the way, have you noticed:

Bill Buchanan wending his way to Peggy Northy's house?

Frances Holden and Emerson Steele? (Seems like this has been happening a long while too.)

Don Raye and Beryl Dean walking home from school every day. Maybe it's just because they live in the same general direction.

Avril Blatchford deciding that she's just the one to reform Bill Hunter?

Joyce Wilson and Ray Nobles back together after a misunderstanding?

Jim McLean staying true to his "wife-twice-removed," Barbie Allen?

Moe Lyons seems to have found an ideal dancing partner in Westgren's Marg McCarron?

Jack Feldman has finally resorted to carrying Elaine Thomas' Registration card in his teeth? (Doesn't that hinder the dancing, Jack?)

Ralph McMillan and Donna Dowser seem to have become fresh air fiends. This, maybe, accounts for their continual evening walks.

Did you know that the stairway out-

SPRING

So it's spring again! You don't need a weatherman to get your info, either. There are signs! You can tell by the way the kids take to playing hopscotch or marbles, or getting up the neighborhood baseball team. You can tell by the way guys go around in a daze, and gals complain of spring fever. Or the way mum looks at you when she talks about spring cleaning.

It has its compensations. What other season of the year boasts of budding life or a new romance, April showers, or an Easter outfit? You can dream ahead to a swell summer and plan for a glorious two-months vacation. Mr. Winter's bidden us "au revoir" 'till next October (we hope); so you can discard those heavy "winter things" and concentrate on cooler suits or cotton dresses, something lighter and brighter than what you've been living in for six months. 'Cause it's a fresher, warmer, newer world!

In a recent poll, we asked some of our locals just what spring meant to them. Came up with these replies:

Myriam Dobson—Summer and thoughts of luv, tra la!

Bill Jackson—Girls, girls, girls! All in bathing suits!

Marj Richardson—Hikes, planting the garden, beginning to study (?) and freckles!

Gordon McCormack—So little time until the holidays—then Cardston, here I come!

June Clooney—Only three more months of school!—O.L.

side room 7 is the rendezvous for Bill Sherlow and Amy Crantz?

Zoe Williams looks greatly relieved since Tom Webb is feeling better and is back to school again.

Don't you think that it was a rather friendly gesture on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Chernyshnan, leaving town, and enabling Johnnie to have an Easter party? Ian Allen claims it was the best ever.

Rather interesting twosomes have shown themselves in our halls lately, namely: Ross Brander and Marion Brown; Bob Marshall and Monica Fortier; Nancy Adams and Gary Steeves; Dave Little and Laurie McBride; Oliver Whalen and Marion Reeder; Byron Hardin and Rosalie Rubin; Eileen Cherwan and Fred Hook; George Paul and Joan Kemp.

I've got to get away now and see the Draft Board about a deferment; after all, what could you do without me?

VIC CADETS

Summer has rolled around again, and a smart unit of Vic Army Cadets are working hard to retain the high standards set by our last year's Cadet Corps, which won high honors at last year's summer camp.

Outstanding at Camp

When the Vic Cadet Corps went to Sarcee Army Cadet Camp last summer, little did they realize what was in store for them. Starting off on the right foot, our cadets were the ones to win the first inspection of the tent lines. To add up more honors for Vic, our cadets came in first in a cross-country map reading competition, and then topped everything off by taking highest honors in the largest event at camp—the "tabloid sports events." A team of ten was entered from each platoon of each company. Altogether, more than 200 boys participated, and when the score points were added up, the Vic boys were in first place by a large margin. Each cadet on the winning team received a handsome Sterling Silver medal for his efforts. Pictures were taken, and the Cadets from Vic were tops throughout the whole camp of 900 Cadets.

Shields Won

For their outstanding work at camp, the Vic Cadet Corps received a "General Efficiency Shield," which is on display in the main hall.

Besides the General Efficiency Shield, our Cadet Corps are also the proud owners of the Strathcona Trust Challenge Shooting Shield, held for two years, and the Shield for the best Cadet Corps, which has decorated our halls for the past four years.

Summer Camp

Knowing that the Vic Cadets have something on the ball, Captain Ritson-Bennet (District Commanding Officer for Alberta) has urged Captain W. R. Stewart (recently promoted to that rank) to get as many of our cadets as possible to attend this year's summer camp, which will commence on the 8th or 9th of July for a period of 14 days, travelling time included. The more cadets we have to volunteer for camp this summer, the better our chances of capturing the General Efficiency Challenge Shield for the second time, a feat which hasn't, as yet, been accomplished by any cadet corps.

Those cadets who plan on going to camp, hand in your names to Captain W. R. Stewart as soon as possible.—N.D.

GIRLS' HI-Y

After several weeks of strenuous planning for the Provincial Conference which was held in Edmonton in February, the Girls' Hi-Y Central Council came up for a gasp of air and then commenced preparations for the annual semi-formal dance.

This gay affair, sponsored by the

JACKSON HEADS GLEE CLUB

Strange music (?) in your ears? Oh—that's the long-awaited Glee Club tuning in for our next lit, to be held in May.

The idea of forming a Glee Club was brought up at students' council meetings shortly after "Vic Varieties" had ended. When permission was obtained, the first meeting of this musical organization was held on March 22. The Varieties cast and any others interested were invited to attend.

Bill Jackson, production manager for the '45 Varieties, was chosen to occupy the president's chair, with Jean McLeod as vice-president and Beth Minogue as secretary. Mr. W. Baker consented to act as staff advisor.

A musical committee now is busy choosing and arranging music for the would-be warblers. Meetings are held each Friday at noon.

Although they may not be quite as good as the Metropolitan Opera chorus, we're expecting big things from Vic's newest club.—M.J.

CALL IT FATE

Why is it that the Saturday night you're out with the girls, you meet everyone you know, and the night you're silently drooling on the arm of tall, dark and handsome, you can't even accidentally run into them?

Or how about the time you got a run in your last pair of stockings ten minutes before "he" arrived?

Remember being laid up in bed with the mumps when Van Johnson's latest picture was here?

Yes, and you're always the one who gets caught chewing gum in the last period. But what could be worse than running out of ink half-way through dictation and you can't even find your pencil?

It always seems that the day you ride your bike it decides to rain.

You can always count on the teacher asking everything on the exam, but what you studied.

There's just got to be some excuse and seeing as how it can't talk back, let's blame it on fate.—M.R.

Girls' Hi-Y took place on April 27 at 9 p.m. Named, appropriately enough, "Starlight Fantasy"—which in itself was sufficient to send any red-blooded girl home to dig out her formal—the dance was held at the Macdonald Hotel, and enticing decorations plus the smooth rhythms of Frank McLeavey provided a romantic atmosphere. Tickets were sold **only** to girls; so with a handsome fellow (well, anyway—a male), and three hours of dancing—well, need we say more?

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BUGLE NOTES

This month we are very sorry to see the names of three more Vicites on the casualty lists. Richard Reid, a Flying Officer in the R.C.A.F., is missing after operations overseas. In September, 1944, Dick's twin brother, James Reid, was reported missing after a training flight in Britain. The boys are sons of Mr. R. G. Reid, former premier of Alberta.

Bill Semeniuk, a graduate of 1932, has been reported missing in action. He was a well-known athletic and academic student at Vic. Bill is the brother of Pearl Semeniuk, now attending this school, and the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Semeniuk.

F/O Doug. Buchanan, D.F.C., has been reported killed in action. He had nearly finished his second operational tour. A '39 graduate, Doug. enlisted in 1941 and trained as an observer. He won his D.F.C. "for outstanding gallantry on several missions, his ability and determination being of a very high order throughout the operational tour." He was a popular student, outstanding in rugby. Doug. is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Buchanan.

Bert Deane is back in the army and is stationed at Calgary.

Jack Crossey has gone overseas.

Ben Atkins, who is now sporting corporal's stripes, has been instructing for some time at Camp Shilo, Manitoba. Ben is on a bond tour this month.

Don Blue was back in the home town on leave recently.

Charles Wood, class of '41, stopped in at V.H.S. lately while home on leave. Charley has been all over the Americas with the navy since joining up—Brazil, Argentina, the Panama Canal, Nicaragua, the Caribbean Sea—and has also served duty on minesweepers and on Atlantic convoys.

Jack Booth has left for overseas.

Jim Marsh was home on survivor's leave this month.

Kenrod McLeod, wearing sergeant's stripes, was home on two weeks' embarkation leave.

Bill McCormack tied the matrimonial knot with an Edmonton girl in February, and now the happy man is taking a refresher course at Mountview, Ontario, prior to leaving for overseas.

Jim Watson was home on leave recently, and now has returned overseas.

TIPS ON TACT BASKETBALL

It starts off just a plain chit-chat with you and Sue and Dot, but somehow or other it always winds up in a free-for-all with everybody's feelings hurt. How can one avoid it? Well, either stay off subjects like Sinatra and Crosby, or add to your vocabulary such shock absorbing phrases as, "I think you have a swell point there, but . . ." or "That's very true, but . . ." Don't be bull-headed about the person in question. Admit his faults, thus taking half the wind out of your friend's sail, but say you'll string along anyway.

How does one dispose of the persistent becu, the one who won't take no for an answer? You try pleading dates, headaches and staying with sick friends and still he doesn't get the picture. The boy will just have to be told you're a girl who likes lots of dates and gangs of kids, but you'd like to go out with him every once in a while. Be prepared for him getting peeved, but tell him you don't blame him, but that's the way it is and you're sorry.

Just another tip, you teen-agers. Don't be afraid to sound disappointed when your "ideal," shall we say, asks for a date and you have to refuse. Maybe something like "I'm sorry; I would have loved to, but . . ." or "Some other time maybe," would be appropriate.

Faint heart never won a slick guy y'know.—B.S.

Jim is on the H.M.C.S. Orangeville.

Many of you will remember John Cliff, one of the English guest children and a popular student during his stay in Edmonton. He is back in England now, a member of the Fleet Air Arm of the Royal Navy in Weatherby, Yorkshire. John is serving on the H.M.C.S. Demetrius.

Alan Pratt is now an AC1 and stationed at No. 15 S.F.T.S. in Calgary. Al. was home on a weekend leave recently.

Doug. Ward is a Flying Officer and has completed a tour of operational flights.

George Schwindt has been discharged from the army and is working with the Americans.

Fred Harvey, of the air force, was on embarkation leave this month.

Ralph White has left school to enlist in the navy.

Al. Wilson, in Italy with the 49th, is back in action after being wounded.

Mac Oleinek was home on leave over Easter, and has gone overseas now.

Please forward any changes of address to the Argosy office. Thanks for all the contributions for this issue.—M.J.

EXCHANGES

Recent exchanges hail from Medicine Hat; Calgary; Olds; Dearborn, Michigan; Salt Lake City, Utah; and Edmonton.

Latest addition to your list is the En Avant, publication of Alexandra High, Medicine Hat—and a four-star paper, we might add. An article which caught our eye mentions the new Publicity Committee under the jurisdiction of the students' council. Its purpose is to stimulate school spirit, and the committee has made a good beginning by sponsoring a school song and yell competition, rewards being a five-dollar war savings certificate to the composer or writer of each. Best of luck, A.H.S.!

The Eastwood fellows who used to drool over Betty Grable have cast her picture aside with disdain. The reason? . . . they now have their own glamorous-and-brother-is-she-ever pin-up girl. This classy lassie was chosen after a closely-contested election at E.H.S., and a delectable photo of her (in a bathing suit!) adorns the front page of the latest Gazette. No, you can't cut it out!

For the purpose of raising funds to send their yearbook to ex-students in the armed forces, the kids in Crescent High in Calgary recently held a Bugle Dance. The usual novelty dances were performed . . . but oh, the prizes! Nothing less than detention releases! We wonder if at Vic . . . No, we thought not.

Incidentally, the Siren's exchange column carries an article on Edmonton's street cars taken from the Commercial Chronicle (which in turn took it from a Vancouver paper). Those who are lucky (?) enough to be shouldered into the blue-and-white every noon might appreciate this, as they know only too well the ins and outs of our bash-and-scamble street railway system.

With all sorts of formal dances just 'round the proverbial corner, you fair damsels might latch on to an idea or three from the South Scribe before deciding on your new evening dress. It seems that South femmes prefer their dresses of cotton or maybe taffeta, in U-neck or off-the-shoulder styles. Sleeves, if any, must be the cap variety. The Scribe accompanies this fashion note with photos of very intriguing concoctions modelled by three South girls.

One parting shot . . .

Dr. Misener: "What pupil was so rude as to laugh out loud?"

Ken Smith: "I laughed up my sleeve,

Corridor Comments

Something New

The coming of the warmer season renewed an interest in tennis, and a tennis club has been organized. Plans for a better-than-ever organization are shaping up. Anyone wishing to join is asked to get in touch with Ralph MacMillan, president.

A Data, A Dansa

The "Luckies" who managed to corral a man in advance, waited enthusiastically for April 27, and the Hi-Y Girls' formal held at the Mac. "Starlight Fantasy" was an entertaining as well as a financial success.

Work and Play at Cardston

The Vic Senior Boys' Basketball Team had stories to tell not only about their victory over the Cardston Seniors in a two-out-of-three series, but they also came back with stories about Cardston itself. It seems the little town is almost one hundred per cent Mormon, and discourages its teensters from smoking, drinking tea, coffee, or moonshine. The boys, who were billeted at girls' homes (an original Cardstonian idea), declare the girls were wonderful to them and planned every minute of their time. They unanimously hope to visit Cardston again—and soon.

A la Mode

The new short coat for tall girls is an essential part of your spring and summer wardrobe. If you're in the market for a new coat, try one of these, and boost your fashion status one hundred per cent. Worn with a skirt and accessories of contrasting color, it completes a fashionable ensemble.

Good Luck!

Little Esther Rubin, popular ex-Vicite, is down Californ-y way, where she is studying dramatics at the famous Pasadena playhouse. It seems the Playhouse not only regulates your dramatic life, but your personal life as well, and a strict schedule of meals, recreation and study is planned for every student. Esther writes that she just loves it, and was thrilled pink at meeting numerous Hollywood personalities, among them, Victor Mature.

Les Nouveaux Chapeaux

Yes, believe it or not, Mr. Shortliffe and Dr. Misener both have new hats. Dr. Misener's is a light-grey Stetson Stratoliner, but as yet our agents haven't been able to get close enough (or should I say aren't fast enough!) to get the details on Mr. Shortliffe's.—O.L.

but there's a hole in the elbow."

Alexandra En Avant.

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HOLE CAPTURES HOUSE LEAGUE

This year's house league basketball laurels were captured by Jim Hole and his crew, defeating Grierson's squad in a best-of-three series.

Prior to the Easter exams, the four teams in the league played, in pairs, two sudden-death games for the semi-finals. Grierson defeated Findlay, and Hole won over Stanton for the right to clash in the finals.

There was plenty of action in the first game of the final series, with Hole's team coming out on top of a 31-25 score. Those boys led by Grierson (what is left of them), sparked by various other players, put up a stiff battle, but could not overtake their opponents.

The second clash was a repetition of the first, with Hole's team again setting back their rivals with a 30-18 win. Jim Hole led the scoring again, capturing 21 of his team's 30 points.

A great deal of the credit for the success of this year's league goes to those seniors and juniors who coached and refereed in the loop. Special thanks goes to Mr. Stewart for his time and effort in promoting and keeping the league running.

The lineups of the finalists: Hole, Little, Hawkes, Wagner, Cleveley, Simovich and Romanchuk.

Grierson, Campbell, Johnson, Anderson and Roy McDiarmid.—E.S.

BOXING AND WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 1)

the featherweight final and also his second championship.

In his third fight of the tournament, Bob English lost to George Mazuenko of Eastwood by a fraction in a very close decision.

Benny Grabow, on account of an injured hand, lost by default to Jack Foster (147) of Westglen in the welterweight final.

"K.O." John McDiarmid chalked up another knockout this year by putting Alex. Romaniuk of Westglen to sleep. This win gave Johnny the middleweight laurels.

Vic's Steve Paproski (230), miracle, won the last fight of the night over Ray Archer, capturing the heavyweight final.

Wrestling—Westglen's Willie Grant defeated Ervin Armstrong of Vic to take the featherweight final.

In a close decision, John Romanchuk lost to Alex. Romaniuk of Westglen.

Gary Steeves took the bye to win the flyweight division.

Fred Hook of Victoria in the light-heavyweight class took a championship on a bye.

Nice going, boys!—E.S.

VIC VANQUISHES VARSITY HIGH

Vic Junior girls proved too much for the University High Junior girls when they defeated them 28-2, Wednesday, April 11, on Vic's home floor.

Shooting and guarding with the same deadliness, Vic played in high gear throughout the entire game.

With Vic leading at halftime by a count of 14-0, it was not until the middle of the third quarter that U.H.S. hoopster, Margaret McKay, finally squirmed through Vic's defence for University's first and only marker of the game. High scorer was Vic's Mary Conlin with ten points. Mary was followed by Audrey Falkenberg and Berniece Sanstrom with six points each.

This was the first appearance of coach Peter Shipka's juniors, and although late in the season, they expressed a desire that it would not be their last. The juniors' zone of defence and shooting proved very superior to anything that University could offer and showed that the time spent on them had not been in vain.

Vic's lineup included Mary Conlin, Audrey Falkenberg, Norma Gilchrist, Nancy Mayson, Berniece Sanstrom, Norma Carlson, Vera Chumer, Alberta Johnson, Margaret Gregory, Gloria Sohnle and Mary Millar.—M.M.

Juniors Second in Interschool Basketball

In a hard-fought game played on April 10th, the Vic juniors lost the championship to a strong Westglen team by a 35-25 score.

Throughout the loop, the Vicites had set back all their rivals except Westglen and were thus qualified to play the latter to decide the league winners.

Sparked by McLachlin, Fleming and Chinneck, the west enders displayed their wares and upheld their league standing, keeping ahead of Vic nearly all the way.

Wasylewsky, Steele and Drever were high scorers for Victoria, capturing 12, 4 and 3 points in that order.

Lineups for the game were:

Vic: Wasylewsky, Patterson, Barnes, Feldman, Steele, Ramsey, Benkie and Drever.

Westglen: McLachlin, Chinneck, B. Fleming, Miller, McDonald and Fowler. —E.S.

WE WRITE IT YOU NAME IT

It's kinda late for hockey columns, but we just had to write this one.

So here's the dope, take it or leave it: "Our Boys" who played in the city junior league are: Cyril Thomas, Bob Manson, Eddie Thomas, Ken Anderson and Don Bendie. There are a few others but these are the ones who crashed the headlines.

Now to take them apart one by one.

CY THOMAS

First up is Cy Thomas. He is the biggest and the best. Cy played such good hockey that he bumped into the attention of gray-haired (premature) Neil Colville of the New York Rangers, and a modern hockey "Great." Mochneill ventured to say that Thomas in his opinion was the No. 1 man of the league, adding that he thought Thomas might pass the puck a little more.

Cy was one of the players that led his club in taking the city and provincial titles and in putting up a good showing against the Moose Jaw Canucks, who went to the Memorial Cup finals in Toronto. He was one of two who made the all-star team by a unanimous vote of the four league coaches.

BOB MANSON

Next in our little book is easy-going Bob Manson of the E.A.C. This slow-skating, stick-handling wizard came second in scoring and was picked on the All-Star team at centre.

Manson hopes to make the "Big Time" some day, and if the Chicago Black Hawks aren't wrong (he's on their negotiation list), then he will.

ED. THOMAS

Of Ed. Thomas we know that: He's Cy Thomas' younger brother. Shows promise of developing into a good puckman, and he's rough and tough (when on the ice). He also got considerable mention for all-star rating.

KEN ANDERSON

Blonde and attractive Ken Anderson is our next subject. This defenceman has been improving steadily since his juvenile days. Last year he was on the Juvenile all-stars and this season he got considerable support for the junior dream team. For a rearguard, Anderson is an unusually clean player. Rarely gets penalties—but isn't one to fool around with.

DON BENKIE

In Don Benkie you have the type of player that is found in every league.

ANDERSON LEADS IN BOWLING

The Bowling Club has been going full tilt for three months. At present the players are bowling like mad trying to capture the honors. The club has proven very popular with the students this year with over 100 belonging.

There are 24 teams and they bowl Monday, Tuesday and Friday at 4:15. Students who didn't know the fundamentals of bowling at the beginning of the season found the game easy to learn.

Ken Anderson's team is winning in the competition now, with Gord Grierson's a close second.

Gord Grierson holds the record for the high scorer of the boys with 302, and Maxine Cinnamon the same for the girls with 249.

Keep up the good work and who knows, some day you may be bowling a straight 450!—B.D.

ATTENTION, RACQUETEERS!!!

The organization meeting of the Tennis Club was held in Room 17, Thursday, April 12 at one p.m.

This well-attended meeting chose the executive, Ralph MacMillan, president, and Ruth Douglas, secretary. A committee consisting of Ken Smith, Jim Findlay, Bill Jackson, Peggy Johnson, Jean McLeod, Frances Holden and Jim Hole was set up. Their duties consist of the business arrangements such as collecting the fees (money again!) and getting the courts ready for the games (weather permitting).

Anyone who thinks he is a "fiend" at tennis or would like to become one should see Mr. Dobson, Ralph MacMillan or Ruth Douglas.—Z.W.

The E.A.C. forward merely goes about his business of playing hockey without the fanfare and color that is associated with the spectator performers. Don was close to the top in the scoring, and that's what you win games with—goals and assists.

So here's to you, Cy, Bob, Ed, Ken, Don! Who's like ye!—I.O.

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Ronnie and Lloydie

The little make-believe boat just didn't seem to float right in the muddy water along the curb of the street. Ronnie had to keep pushing clear, 'cause it'd get stuck—and right when you got it going good, too. Lloydie's trouser legs were getting splashed, and gee what would Helen say?

It was too swell a day to worry about that though. The rain that had fallen in the afternoon was now only occasional dark stains on the cracked sidewalk. The air felt fresh and smooth on Lloydie's cheeks, and this was the first time in three days Helen had let them out on the streets after supper. They stepped cracks 'til they got to the corner, but here they stopped short. For in the window of the Korner Kandy Kounter lay the most delicious mounds of golden caramels they had ever seen. Ronnie loved caramels and Lloydie did, too. If only they had some money! Ronnie limped up to the tempting display pretending he had a game leg like when Gene Autry was shot in the knee at the show Saturday afternoon. Lloydie followed mutely, so absorbed by desire that he completely forgot to copy his older brother. He spread his chubby fingers on the shiny window and gazed with open admiration at the golden cubes within.

"Geel!" exclaimed Ronnie.

"Geel!" echoed Lloydie.

"Don't they look good?"

"Yes hurree!"

They didn't see the big red-headed soldier standing in the doorway watching them until he spoke. "Looks good, eh?"

"Yeshurweel!" exclaimed Ronnie.

"Yeshuwee," breathed Lloydie.

You're a sojer, huh? asked Ronnie, his attention temporarily diverted.

"A damn good one, too," the sergeant asserted, smiling. He liked kids.

"My dad's a sojer," boasted Ronnie, to whom any uniform meant the fulfillment of all his dreams of adventure. "He went away," he added with great pride.

"No," said the soldier.

"Yeshuweel!" piped Lloydie.

"Shut up, you," commanded Ronnie; so Lloydie lapsed into his customary silence, and continued to gaze with mute longing at the caramels—and with re-

sentment for the printed sign that demanded "40c lb." He knew the funny "c" meant money, maybe even a whole dollar. And he didn't have any money, and he wanted some caramels. He did have a dollar once, though. Uncle Joe gave it to him for Christmas. But he had to put it in the bank.

Suddenly, red-headed Pat O'rourke—the tough third regiment sergeant—pulled two worn dimes out of his khaki pockets. He handed them—one to each—to the kids. Hell, he knew the stuff would probably make 'em sick, but the kids looked kinda hungry. And anyway, the bigger boy limped and he felt sorry for him.

The caramels were sure good, and there were six left; so Ronnie and Lloydie each had two, and Ronnie stuffed the remainder into his pocket for Helen. Helen liked caramels, too.

They met chubby Patsy Anne on the way home, and chased her with a dead gopher dangling on the end of a string. Her pigtailed just flew, and it was sure funny to see her short legs moving so fast. Ronnie wanted to pay her back for printing, "Ronnie loves Mary Lou," all over their front sidewalk—and how did she find out? Lloydie had discovered the gopher in Mr. Sloane's pea patch. Girls were sure sissies! A dead gopher couldn't hurt anyone. Lloydie was saving the prize to show Helen. Then he thought maybe Helen wouldn't like it either. She'd been acting sorta queer ever since mother went away. Gosh, the way she'd bawled him out this morning. And just for using her toothpaste for his mud pies. He'd only managed to get five pies decorated for his bakery before she caught him.

Ronnie's golden head barely reached to the kitchen window; so Lloydie struggled to hoist him up to see if the coast was clear. They'd sure get heck if Helen caught them as dirty as this. Especially Lloydie. He even had mud in his hair. His overalls were splashed black, and his shirt was brown from where he'd wiped the stickiness from the caramels on it. Ronnie wasn't so dirty, but the knees of his new red overalls looked soiled where he had knelt in the soft earth for peas in Mr. Sloane's Garden.

The house looked dark. Maybe nobody was home. Helen's new boyfriend was supposed to have come over. For three days now, she'd been making them promise to be good for when he came—or else. Ronnie guessed he was special. Cautiously, Ronnie opened the door. Lloydie quietly followed him in. Their muddy running shoes made soft squeechy sounds, and left little black marks on the kitchen linoleum. The short procession moved to the dim back

hallway. Yep, there was someone home. They heard Helen and somebody else talking. But why was it dark? Helen should put a light on. They made the bathroom quickly, and Lloydie began to fill the basin with water. Helen called, "Is that you, Ronnie?"

Ronnie hesitated, then answered, "Yep."

"Lloydie, too?"

Lloydie called, "Yep."

"What are you doing?"

"Nothin'," they answered in unison.

Helen became suspicious. Something was up if those two were quiet even for a few seconds. "Ronnie."

"What?"

"Come here for a minute. I've got someone who wants to meet you."

Ronnie heard her switch on the light, and when he entered the room it was bright. He saw a dark-haired airforce boy move over on the lounge. He guessed this was the 'special.' Helen went over and took Ronnie's hand and led him back to the lounge (as if he was a baby!). "Jim," she smiled, "this is the man of the house, Ronald Alexander Delvin—alias Ronnie my kid brother. Ronnie, this is Jim Eithe. He flies planes."

"Gee! Do you really?" asked Ronnie, filled with awe.

"Well, no, not really," laughed Jim. "I work at the radio sets."

"Oh," said Ronnie, immediately losing interest.

"Lloydie," Helen called. "This is the better half," she explained. "He's a perfect little angel, Jim. A bit shy, though." Then she saw Lloydie. He had slipped quietly into the room, curious, a dirty finger stuck in his mouth. "Lloyd, what on earth has happened to you?"

Lloydie's big blue eyes were completely innocent as he braved a quivering, "Wh-y?" The astonished look on Helen's face scared him.

"We was playin'," supplied Ronnie.

"Yep," confirmed Lloydie.

"But your—just look at your overalls. Oh, Lloyd," she scolded, "you're perfectly black! If mother could only see you now! And even your hair! If anyone needed a vacation in this house, it was me." Lloydie's face fell, and he looked like a startled Bambi. When he got that look on his face, Helen just melted. "Oh never mind," she sighed. "Jim, this is Lloydie. Lloydie, say hello."

Hullo," he ventured.

"Hi," said Jim. "They're cute kids," he commented, winking slyly at Lloydie who blushed with pained embarrassment and quickly turned away.

"When you can see more of them," said Helen.

"Why was it dark?" Ronnie asked.

"Never you mind."

"Were you playing on the ouija board?"

"No," said Helen, demurely. "Lloydie, you'd better go wash. Ronnie too." Then, more gently, "There's some cake left in the pantry. But just one piece each."

"Do we have to wash first?" asked Lloydie.

"Yes you do. You want to be nice and clean before you eat, don't you?" Then when Lloydie slowly shook his head in the negative, she added, "Boys don't look nice with colored faces."

Lloydie stood for a moment then moved towards Ronnie and whispered something to him. They both looked at Jim. Jim felt a little uncomfortable under their gaze and Helen could feel him so. "What is it now?" she demanded. Ronnie came to her and whispered in her ear. Jim sat mildly embarrassed, looking everywhere but at Ronnie. Helen smiled at Jim, her gray eyes alive with merriment. Then she began to laugh softly. "They want you to go with them, Jim."

"Me?" he asked, surprised. "Why?"

"Well you see, your—face is colored, too!"

Jim put his hand up and wiped his chin. His fingers received a "Daring Red" welcome. He pulled out his hankie and wiped it off, laughing. "I think that will do it, thanks."

Ronnie decided he liked Jim Eithe. And he remembered something. Pulling the two sticky caramels out of his pocket, he offered them to Helen and Jim. "Lloydie and I saved them for you. We knowed you liked caramels, Helen."

"Yeshuree! piped Lloydie.—O.L.

The sweet young thing was saying her prayers: "Dear Lord, I don't ask anything for myself, but please give mother a son-in-law."

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The Dance of the Princess is introduced by the flutes, followed by harp, and successively, cello, clarinet and bassoon which deliver their version of the main song.

The Dance of King Kastchei is the fierce fortissimo. The brasses mutter nameless terrors, woodwinds snare and crackle . . . brasses sneer . . . piercing cries of the strings are answered with ribald shouts of the trombones. The hush succeeding this section is the prelude to Berceuse, which is mainly ballet. The bassoon broods dreamily and is then accompanied by the harp. The Berceuse flows into the Finale which is horn and string flutterings. Toward the end, thrilling with power and eloquence, the strings in their fullest utterance, against rising scales in the brass, pour forth the sweet paeon of joy intimated but a few moments before in the dulcet voice of the horn.

* * *

Across the Track Blues and Chloe—
Duke Ellington and Orchestra
Victor Record 27235

"Across" starts with a Duke piano opening with Barney Bigard and his low register clarinet caperings introducing the melody. The mood is set, and the mood master and his men then weave their improvisations. Cootie Williams and his muted trumpet are next, to be followed by a chorus by the saxes. Lawrence Brown's brassy trombone comes up and is replaced by Bigard again. There ends a fine 10-inch disc.

"Tricky Sam" Nanton's growling trombone opens the Song of the Swamp; and the next chorus goes to a thin clarinet solo by Gigard. The arrangement is super, and Cootie Williams re-

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JOKES

Irene R.—"Are you going to the dance on Friday?"

June C.—"No, I'm going out of town on Friday."

Irene R.—"I didn't get invited either."
The Perroquet

Hammy D.—"Your dog bit a piece of flesh out of my leg."

Ruth D.—"Glad you mentioned it, I was just going to feed him."

* * *

Ted H.—Cheer up, old man; why don't you drown your sorrow?

Glen W.—She's bigger than I am and besides, it would be murder.

* * *

Janet Greenky—I know it but I can't say it.

Mr. Shortliffe—Well, say it in your own language.

* * *

Mr. Bailey—Will all those who are absent please stand up.

peats with an "open horn" trumpet solo. This followed by fine bass by the late Jimmy Blanton. Ben Webster and his percussion sax takes and holds the spotlight to the end. Listening to this Ellington concert makes everyone agree with Deems Taylor when he said this coupling was one of the greatest recordings of all times.

* * *

Sugar-Foot Stomp and I Can't Give
You Anything But Love—
Benny Goodman and His Orchestra
Victor 25678

The old Jelly Roll Morton tune is given a lovely setting by Fletcher Henderson, with a rock by Krupa on the drums. Benny Goodman has all too short clarinet solo and gives way to Harry James on the famous trumpet. Incidentally, I believe that the Berrigan rendition of this solo has more flavor. Goodman and his clarinet come back, and the band rocks, but nicely, going out.

"I Can't" is another Henderson arrangement which has remained "fresh" through all the years. Harry James takes a very nice trumpet solo, and is followed by Jess Stacey at the piano. Martha Tilden does a pleasing vocal, with Goodman and Stacey forming a fine background. The arrangement is swell.—H.S.

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EYES ARE ON YOU!

Whether we are going to get a chance to blossom forth in gay prints this year remains to be seen. Apparently the weather man can't make up his mind (Can any man???)

However, hoping for the best, crisp prints are really the thing to put down any resistance from the blistery sun. Whether they are made up into pleasant skirts, pinafores, or dresses, you can look cool as a cucumber while your friends, sticking to the conventional skirt and sweater, suffocate.

Summer is one time you can't use too much water, both on yourself and your clothes. Nothing can beat a freshly laundered outfit walking down the street on a trim figure which has, as a crowning glory, a shining head of hair.

Speaking of trim figures, if you have a few spare pounds hanging around where they're not wanted, now's the time to do something about it.

If you're terrifically fond of all kinds of food and can't bear to leave something off your menu, then just cut down on all fattening foods. If you have potatoes, don't have bread, or vice versa. Drink plenty of fruit juices, and eat fresh fruits and vegetables. You've probably got a list of the caloric values of foods lying around home; so make a list of all foods that are low in calories and put them on your special menu.

A little exercise has never done any one any serious damage; try getting down on the floor and practicing the "bicycle." To take down that "spare tire" around your waist try this: Lie with your hips on the edge of your bed, with your legs stuck out parallel to the floor. Without bending your knees, slowly raise your legs up at right angles to your body and then, slowly, lower them until your heels just **don't** touch the floor; then raise your legs—lower them. Only about two minutes of this daily will bring results.

We all can't be Betty Grables, but we can help nature. If you are bothered by thick ankles, you can slim them by moving your foot in a circular motion. One good thing about this exercise is that it can be done any time; sitting in class, listening to the radio or doing your homework (?).

A graceful walk marks poise. You may be able to get some use out of your Algebra book after all. Try placing it on your head and practise walking, going up and down stairs, and dancing. You may never get to be as graceful as Grandma when she did the minuet, but no one can say you didn't try.

If you're worried about results, Alison says to watch her. We will—M.R.

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EASTER EXAMS

$2x + 3y = HCl$, $2x + 3y = HCl$.
No, no, NO! What am I saying????

Many students were forced into similar predicaments in that "eventful week," pre the Easter exams. Cramming like mad resulted in a few eighty-fives, and more headaches. Groggy students complained of inadequate sleep, and too much "book larnin'," and revised systems of education were aired to anyone who'd listen.

The "eventful week" was March 16 to 23, before the five days of holy terror when exams were writ. Some of us lived to take pride in a unique eighty or more (hubba hubba), many hovered around the fifty line—a little above, a little below—and what a difference a mark made! And then there are those saaad people who are wondering what dad will have to say about it all.

A ten-day vacation helped loads to take flustered minds off the mistake they made in the fourth question. So when ye olde schoolbell rang again, April 9, six hundred refreshed (?) Vicites came back to try it again, vowing that as of **now**, they are, "really going to get down to work." Oh yeah!—O.L.

MY TIE

(With apologies to Robert Service)

Some may long for the soothing touch
Of lavender, mauve and cream,
But the ties I wear must possess the glare
Of a red-hot rivet's gleam.

The books I read and the life I lead
Are sensible, sane and mild.
I like calm hats and I don't wear spats.
But I want my neck-ties wild.

Give me a wild tie, brother,
One with a cosmic urge;
A tie that'll tear and rip and swear
When it sees my old blue serge.

Oh! some will say that a gent's cravat
Should only be seen, not heard.
But I want a tie that will make men cry,
And render their vision blurred.

I yearn, I long for a tie so strong
It will take two men to tie it.
If such there be, show it to me;
Whatever the price, I'll buy it.

Give me a wild tie, brother,
One with a lot of sins.
A tie that will blaze in a hectic haze
Down where the vest begins.

—A.C.

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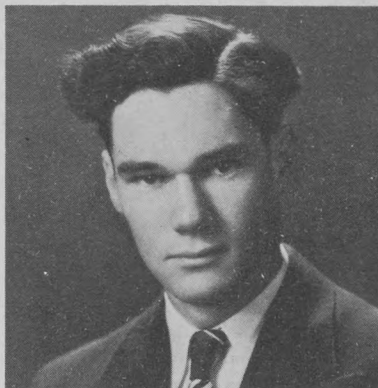
ZOE WILLIAMS

You couldn't exactly say why you like Zoe, but anyone who has ever met her goes away with the feeling of having found a new friend. Maybe it's her runaway sense of humor; maybe it's her way of always being around when you need her.

She was born here in Edmonton on June 14, 1927, and her years at H. A. Gray and Spruce Avenue Schools seemed to fly by, but she can't understand why her years at Vic don't. She is a member of Vic's Drama Club, and has been on the Argosy staff for the last two years, being this year's Sports Editor. She played House League Basketball for two years, and is Treasurer of the Girls' Council, C.G.I.T.

She likes John Hodiak, golf, basketball, cokes, and an intellectual member of University High's student body.

She dislikes school, and Frankie. (That's all, brother, that's all.)



EDDIE DOUGLAS

They called him James Edward Douglas that eleventh day of October in 1926. They call him (censored) now.

He grew up among the odd excursions to H. A. Gray school, and in 1941 he directed his footsteps and a dynamic personality to Vic High.

The boy is a super dancer, prefers skating, bowling, and lemon pie, to trig, morons who don't dance, and the sad ones who lack personality.

He likes: Pork and beans 'cause nobody else does, and that goes to show you he's got a mind of his own. (No comments, pleez.)

Sweaters — He doesn't care whom they're on. (Hubba, hubba.)

Tall, thin blondes—'cause he's afraid of brunettes; and there's a story behind that.

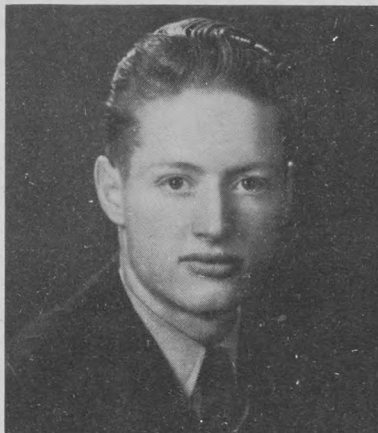
Having a good time.

He's the Vice-Pres. of the program committee of the Edmonteens' Club, was on the Students' Council for two years,

is "Mr. Inquiring Reporter," in person, and aussie the trusted treasurer of the Edmonteens' Swimming Club.

With the army's O.K. he'd like to visit Varsity. Here's hoping.

He's a popular Vicite with a sensayuma and a style all his own; a gift for gabbin' an' jivin' that will make for success in any field. He's also—Ed. Douglas.



JOHN MCDIARMID

Maybe many of you don't know this quiet young man who walks off with so many laurels, but we're hoping that after you read this, you'll take the time to look him up. John isn't the kind who talks about himself; so we're going to tell you all we were able to get him to tell us (after we had worn out our patience persuading him it was worthwhile to give out). He's tall, and blond, and he just won't talk to girls. (I know!) He was born here in Edmonton eighteen years ago on February 10. He is acquainted with the interior of Highlands, McDougall, and Oliver schools, but he still hasn't figured out what keeps Vic going.

Anybody who's even heard of John McDiarmid knows that his great passion is boxing; and that he's good too! He had to be to win the 1941 Northern Alberta High School Boxing Championship. He's on one of Vic's basketball teams, and also the senior rugby team. He belongs to the Senior Leaders' Corps of the Y.M.C.A., where he is a boxing instructor. Of course he belongs to Vic's

Boxing Club and is also one of its instructors.

He likes all kinds of sports, milk shakes, and violins (how did that get in here?).

He dislikes dancing, and girls. (Oh Johnny!)



FRANCIS HOLDEN

Frances became a member of the Holden family on December 23 in 1926.

After six years of sublime freedom, she was forced to attend Spruce Avenue School in quest of the "higher larnin'." Thence she came here, and Vic welcomed her with open arms.

She's dabbled in every sport on record, has been a member of the Argosy staff for three years, and dances like a dream. Versatile, she won an academic pin in grade ten, and the Special Award in both grade eleven and grade twelve.

Fran is an active member of this year's Grad Executive, and finds minutes to coach the Girls' House League Basketball.

Favors steak, plus corn, and dotes on Alan Ladd and flashy sweaters. She dislikes people who cough in church, and anyone who says, "Prove it!" Enjoys playing hymns on the piano—one-finger fashion, and sewing for herself during odd moments. Adores men—who are fun and sensible.

She hopes with passion to pass high school, rate a brilliant ninety in Algebra (dreamer), then trot to Varsity.

This is the 'gorgeous brunette of the invigorating personality, a "regular guy," who's plenty swell.



After the games. (Of course I'm only fooling, but oh, those Cardston girls.)

"Waiting for the Bus."



John Harvie